

PARANORMAL RAG

January 2019



INSIDE:

50+ Pages of paranormal information.
Real cases, personal accounts from staff, tips on self-protection, and a
note from our publisher.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 1 A NOTE FROM OUR PUBLISHER
OUR PUBLISHER'S OPENING MESSAGE
- 3 SLEEPWALKERS' KILL OF SILENCE
FICTION
- 5 THE DOLL THAT WREAKED HAVOC
FICTION
- 7 THE HIKING OF MADDOX ROWE
FICTION
- 9 THE WEST VIRGINIA BIGFOOT
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT
- 11 THE HOUSE ON PURITAIN STREET
FICTION
- 14 THE SOLDIER
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

16	THE LEGEND OF VIRGINIA DARE REAL CASES
19	THE HAUNTED HALLS OF QUEENS UNIVERSITY REAL CASES
22	THE VAMPIRE BEAST OF BLADENBORO REAL CASES
25	THE GATEWAY TO HELL - STULL CEMETERY REAL CASES
29	RI RA'S - GHOSTS FAR FROM IRELAND REAL CASES
33	THE MAN IN THE TRENCH COAT: (PART ONE) FICTION

TABLE OF CONTENTS

35

GHOSTS AND FAITH: WHERE DO THEY FIT IN?
THOUGHTS

37

EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION
REAL CASES

39

GROWING UP IN A HAUNTED HOUSE
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

41

MORTIMER, NORTH CAROLINA
REAL CASES

43

ARE ALL GHOSTS ANGRY?
THOUGHTS

45

WRONG NUMBER
FICTION

48

SIGHTING OF THE UNBORN CHILD
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

50

5 WAYS TO DISSIPATE A SPIRIT HARMFUL
FROM YOUR HOME
HELPFUL INFORMATION

52

SLEEP PARALYSIS: BRINGING
VICTIMS TO TEARS
REAL CASES

54

ENERGY SO NEGATIVE THAT IT IS VISIBLE
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

56

THE DEVIL'S HOUR
REAL CASES

59

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE LADY
REAL CASES

61

A HAUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

63

OUT OF THE WOODS
FICTION

66
SIDEBAR
5

THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL: A
HOTEL FOR DEAD CELEBRITIES
REAL CASES

HOW DO I PROTECT MYSELF FROM A SPIRIT?
HELPFUL INFORMATION

TABLE OF
CONTENTS



ETHEREAL CRACK

A NOTE FROM OUR PUBLISHER

I started on this what some would call "bizzare-o" adventure around two years ago with a haunted house that ultimately got us banned from the museum it was held at... Oops - then on to ghost tours, growing the agency to the largest in the world, at least as far as we can tell, within two years. It has been quite an upward climb.

At any rate, we are now continuing the quest to scare, educate, and entertain by launching this magazine, Paranormal Rag - still following our policy of fun, clear, no BS content on the paranormal and all things closely related. We hope you sincerely enjoy it, and we look forward to bringing you more issues every month, same place.

But, I suppose to kick off our inaugural edition, I should share a personal paranormal story of my own - in fact, this story surrounds the single event that marked the sprouting of my paranormal sensing abilities.

Rewind time to the mid-90's, where one summer afternoon I lay on my stomach on the warm shag carpet of my grandparent's living room. Now, while their house isn't all that remarkable, there is one feature I need to mention to have this story make sense, and that is the fact that their living room wall was made up of what I now call "a wall of windows" but you may call it something else - it was essentially a three by three panel of smaller windows taking up nearly the entire living room wall, showing the left to right side of the lawn, save for a small bit blocked by a column, followed by the front door and glass storm door.

Now, give me a little creative liberty on this, it literally was a dark and stormy summers day when this happened, I can't help it.

At any rate - as I lie there, doing whatever it is that five-year-olds do, my interior monologue tells me to look up - and if you don't know this already, it is usually a pretty good idea to follow whatever your intuition tells you to do.

So I do.

There at the leftmost side of the yard, the furthest I can see from my lying position on the floor, is a glowing figure of white light. It looks exactly like a person's shadow or silhouette, just made of glowing light rather than darkness.

From there, it nonchallantly walks across my grandparents' front lawn, until I have to roll on my stomach to finish seeing it walk across the lawn, as the column between the edge of the windows and the glass storm door is blocking the view.

I roll, only to see nothing, just plants by the porch whipping in the wind.

I don't dare mention this to anyone, because even at five-or-so I think to myself "only crazy people see this..." - Fast forward to around 2012.

With my grandparents having both passed away, my parents made the decision to turn the house into a rental property. As my aunt and I stood in a back bedroom, peeling old wallpaper off of the walls with a paint scraper and water bottle (*a special kind of hell...*) I mention this exact same story in the same way that I've told you. My aunt stops, giving me a blank stare, then recalls-

My grandmother had seen the exact same thing that day, just from the open doorway to the kitchen, back behind me. Obviously she didn't share this information with me, thinking I was too young and it would scare me, and the family members that she told simply blew it off - "Grandma is tripping on her meds."

I've had plenty of paranormal experiences ever since - I'll share them with you later. I've spent enough page space - enjoy this first edition of PARANORMAL RAG.



By Migdalia Jimenez

Staff Writer

SLEEPWALKERS' KILL OF SILENCE - FICTION

If you've ever encountered someone going through a sleepwalking episode, you know how truly spooky it can be - as if you're seeing a zombie shambling around in the night, unable to communicate or sense the world around them.

Meet Mary, my girlfriend of many years - Mary had parasomnia, in which I believe she needed an in depth clinical evaluation for, but she never had.

It is said never to wake a sleepwalker, so for many years I would get up from bed and quietly guide her back.

Getting up one morning and finding her in the kitchen preparing breakfast at 4:00 a.m. was what finished the decision for me. If this craziness didn't stop, I would have to leave.

She had carefully carved out vegetables, ham and other foods with a large kitchen knife. Dismayed and appalled, I carefully walked Mary back to bed without a whisper, in fear of awakening her from the ongoing dream scenario of yet another uncanny and dreadful ordeal.

There would be nights that she would get up and turn on the oven, light a cigarette, and wait - some that she would simply stand in the bathroom, staring into the mirror - It was breathtaking, exhausting, and agonizing, yet mysterious.

Telling Mary of these different circumstances was just was not making sense to her - she had no recollection or memory of these creepy events.

The holidays were around the corner and without thinking of the possible consequences, I purchased a set of large kitchen knives, as we had been needing a set for years.

Shortly after this, Mary decided to take her medications early one evening, and I joined her in bed shortly after.

As I was in my sleep, I could hear and feel movements in our bed and could hear the clinking of metal against the headboard.

I awoke with a start, reeling backwards off of the bed and onto the floor, when even with my blurry vision, I noticed she was holding one of the new kitchen knives from the kitchen set.

I tried to capture her attention and wake her from this parasomnia and evilness that swelled in her.

It was then that Mary began to brutally attack me, first slashing at the bed as I fell, then quickly lunging forward over the top, landing a slice along my neckline.

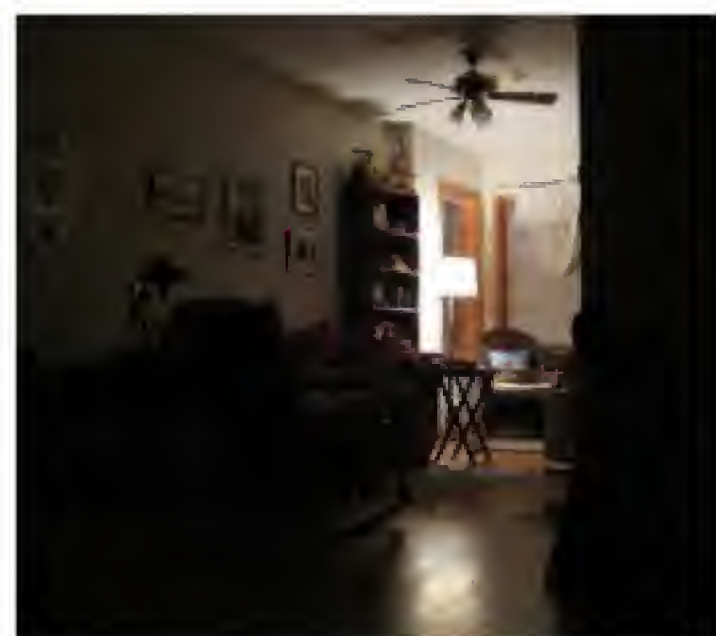
In the vicinity of my home, screams of horror echoed through the night, as Mary unfolded my life into a sleepwalking massacre. My heart finally stopped beating as my blood leaked out of the countless wounds inflicted during the attack.

In moments the paramedics and police were present by my side and what looked to be a no-motive crime.

My lifeless body lay still, as I was hoping to harness the strange ability that Mary had rendered upon me, to simply be able to wake up, instead, I simply faded away.

HOW SHOULD I PROTECT MYSELF FROM A SPIRIT?

➔ Don't Be Afraid



Spirits are said to feed off of energy, be that electric or emotional energy - which explains why cameras and electronics consistently "die" in their presence.

Emotional stress and fear can greatly contribute to a spirit's presence - as in the cases of poltergeists, where teenagers with emotional/mental problems are said to be able to produce them through their emotional turmoil and stress. It is essential to keep your home free of this stress to prevent a haunting from taking hold.

➔ Cleanse Your Space



You can pull this trick off (we suggest doing it with a spirit presence or not!) with a quick trip to an all-natural grocery market or clicking onto amazon!

While it sounds like hippie hooey, burning white ceremonial sage actually does restructure the ionic composition of the air, promoting the release of stress and anxiety - perfect for changing the energy in an area where a spirit has taken hold.

➔ Use Gemstones



While some only purchase gemstones in fine jewelry and fancy accessories, they can also be of great use in warding off the paranormal.

- Black tourmaline - protects against low-energy frequencies.
- Staurolite - protects against negative spirits and spirit attachments.
- Spirit quartz - boosts natural defenses, stops fear, and provides energy to good-natured attachments and land-based spirits in its range.

Continue reading at next page >



THE DOLL THAT WREAKED HAVOC - FICTION

By Migdalia Jimenez
Staff Writer

There is a wicked doll that is sinister and demented with an eerie paranormal about him. It is said that if you can say his name out loud you will get spine-chilling shivers of panic and sudden horror come upon you.

His name is Willie Winston, the doll that would not stop at nothing until everything around him died an agonizing and dreadful death. This evil, ruthless, malicious and hair-raising evil eyed doll came from behind the hidden door in an attic of a small town house in Wilmington Delaware.

As a little girl I always remembered my mom, dad, brothers and sisters pulling up to the driveway of what was said to be our first house. Since I was the youngest of the daughters, my parents spoiled me a lot and allowed me to have the first pick of my room.

HOW SHOULD I PROTECT MYSELF FROM A SPIRIT?

➔ Stop Exposure



Once a favorite teenage party game, ouija boards are finally being tossed out due to their ability to truly contact the dead, in some cases.

Ouija boards are said to be proverbial "cell phones" to the other side - allowing the living to contact the dead, however, it is often cited that many demonic possessions or evil presences begin through ouija board contact, and we aren't talking about movies, as spirits masquerade as friendly spirits to enter the space in which the board is used.

➔ Haint Blue



This candy-colored, nearly cartoonish shade of blue has a deeper and more relevant history than you would think.

Indigo, also recognized in the south as Haint Blue often can be found in the deep American south, where it was grown - typically found as a paint color on shutters, doors, porches, and veranda ceilings - the color was said to keep spirits at bay, keeping spirits out of the home.

➔ Check for Infrasound



To best understand this concept, think that we can't hear the hits playing on the radio as we walk around, can we?

Infrasound is precisely like that - radio waves just barely below the human auditory range that cause phantom sensations. The exact hertz (HZ) of this frequency is 19 - the usual human auditory range starts at 20 - our body, just barely picking up the 19hz sound, causes our subconscious to kick into gear, creating a sense of unease, as we cannot locate or truly pick up the sound.

Continue reading at next page >

The room with the most closets is what I chose, since I was very curious and loved to play hide and seek. Everything changed one evening.

"Clarissa, Clarissa I want to play. Please open the door, I want to be your friend". While walking away, I would hear the voice again, "Clarissa, please let me out I want to play with you and become friends."

"Hi Clarissa, my name is Willie Winston, can you say my name"?

With fear displayed clearly on my face, I repeated the name back. This energy then rushed with a brutal force, activated as if it was charged with electricity - paralyzed with fear, I slowly walked down the stairs and there he was, the evil doll that called himself Willie Winston had killed my two brothers.

While in shock I see him running into my sisters room and one by one he silenced the blood curdling screams that pounded my heart with fear. The dark eyes, the black fog and the knife slitting their throats. I wondered where my parents were, as I slowly and carefully made my way into a closet in the dining room. Why weren't my parents coming to help us? Why didn't they hear the horrible screams?

Hearing nothing but silence at last lead me to believe the unimaginable, that there were no remains left of what I knew as my level of comfort, my family.

Slowly I moved from the closet and into the dining room, the adrenaline rushing. The most gory and bone chilling moment was seeing Willie Winston along with my mothers and fathers decapitated heads.

All I could think of is one thing in this state of shock, seeing what was once my loving parents as he stared at me with eyes of death and evil darkness - I needed to get him back in that attic before he continued out of the house to wreak havoc in Wilmington.

TO BE CONTINUED.



By Migdalia Jimenez

Staff Writer

THE HIKING OF MADDOX ROWE - FICTION

It is said by many to never pick up a hitchhiker, or to hitchhike yourself due to the dangers involved in taking part of what is known to be: the possible, frightening and unexpected twist of unexpected death. I know, "I was there."

It was a spine-chilling, spooky, and mysterious Halloween night where all you could see ahead of you was fog, a thick fog. The wind was howling, the night was spooky, and the streets themselves seemed lonely.

My friend, Jake, and I were driving down the streets with the windows lowered to be able to defrost the windshield. Almost like rain, we could feel the mist from the fog rush across our faces. The street signs were almost invisible and too dark to be seen. It was gloomy and not a soul in sight, but I Joel Preston, continued to drive home with Jake.

All of a sudden and without a shadow of a doubt, my car hit something. A very large object, although the fog was so thick, Jake and I could tell that it was definitely something to be worried about. We immediately got out of the car and walked to the front to see what appeared to be a lifeless body laying on the concrete.

Immediately thoughts crossed our minds.

What if we killed this person? What if they are badly injured and can't be moved? As Jake took a closer look, the lifeless body of the victim stood up quickly and grabbed Jake, then put a knife to his throat and threatened to kill us both if we did not get back in the car.

Immediately we both proceeded back into the vehicle and as I drove, the man kept the knife to Jake's throat- "My name is Maddox Rowe."

"What was I to do"? I had goosebumps. It was up to me to save Jake from this psychotic, ruthless killer. His mission, obviously, was strictly to be invisible to humankind and be a cold blooded pathological hitchhiking killer in between. Any sudden movements and Jake would die - his blood would be on my hands forever.

What was only a ten minute ride so far, seemed like an eternity from hell.

Flashbacks came to me remembering my own mother telling me never to hitchhike. Here I was, thinking of the possibilities of what could go wrong if I attempted the unexpected.

So in a heart stopping moment, I reached over to grab the knife from Maddox Rowe's hands. We struggled and I lost control of the car. Before I knew it, the car went off a cliff and got stuck in the ditch beneath the precipice. Quickly, I turned to Jake and to my shocking surprise the insane maniac had already killed my friend.

Staring into Maddox Rowe's evil eyes, I knew I was his next victim. Knowing that I would be the next victim, without hesitation I opened my car door and jumped.

Miraculously I survived.

Struggling with both legs fractured and fractured ribs I managed to seek some help, but by the time emergency services and the police arrived at the scene, not only was Jake's body missing, but Maddox Rowe was gone as well.

Never underestimate the advise of others.

Listen to your heart, look at your surroundings.



By Kelley Manspeaker

Staff Writer

THE WEST VIRGINIA BIGFOOT

- A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Like a lot of people, I believed in the existence of Bigfoot, but I also had my doubts. I know there are unexplainable events and unnatural things that happen in the world, but I never thought for a second that it would happen to me. I never imagined I would go ten years being haunted by an image, or that I would ever feel unsafe in my family's woods during the night.

When I was about fifteen or sixteen years old, my cousins and I used to go on my parent's front porch to "talk" while he smoked. I was not a troubled child, I just wanted to be a rebel and smoke cigarettes and hang out. So there we are, four of us. My cousins Frankie and Tony, Tony's sister, Elizabeth, and myself.

We are all sitting in a circle, smoking cigarettes, laughing and shooting the breeze. I say something and nobody laughs. I look up to see Frankie and Elizabeth in a death stare to my right.

I start to say something, then turn to look. There he is. Just walking along the side of my parents' house. He didn't even mind us or pay any attention, just walked on his way to wherever he was going. I completely froze.

Am I crazy? What is in these cigarettes? What is going on right now?

I was frozen, for what felt like hours. All of the hair on my body stood on end, and my eyes glazed over in a stare. As he rounded the corner of the house, I looked at Frankie, and we bolted. We all ran inside, slamming the screen door behind us. We were all out of breath - "Nobody say anything and tell me one by one what you saw."

We all whispered, "Bigfoot... That's exactly what I saw..."

I will never forget all the thoughts running through my head. "Was that my dad dressed up to scare us?"

"Is someone playing a joke on us?"

At this point in time, my parents owned seven acres of land, and had a half mile long driveway to the house, which is surrounded by woods. Nobody comes there unless they were expecting them, and this was about ten o'clock at night.

I remember the darkish brown hair, just looking ratty and matted like it had never been brushed, like a poor lost dog you see in town that you feel sorry for.

I remember the exact way he walked, swaying his arms back and forth.

I remember he did not look as muscular as I had always imagined he would look, or like they portray him on television.

I remember him being taller, and my heart dropping into my stomach.

I remember the only thing I smelt was our burning cigarettes, and I remember never going back out to smoke for the rest of the night.

Most people I have told my story to do not believe me, because I live in Buckhannon, West Virginia.

We don't normally have bigfoot sightings.

All I can say is that I know what I saw, and there are three other people that were with me that night. I cannot explain what or who he was, or even if he was a he. All I can tell you is that I saw bigfoot, at my parent's house, and he could care less if I was sitting there smoking a cigarette at fifteen years old.

He obviously had somewhere better to be.



By Migdalia Jimenez

Staff Writer

THE HOUSE ON PURITAN STREET - FICTION

Seeing and hearing what others believe, "is not there," are the two key factors that locks innermost thoughts in a cold and traumatizing place called, "the Abyss." It was a cloudy and cold January evening where everything seemed to be a peaceful night, but what really lay ahead was something unexpected.

There was nothing to do besides taking care of myself and my unborn child, so I decided to turn on the television set and settle in for a whole evening ahead of me to do as I wanted.

While the television set was on, I decided to clean my house to keep my mind busy.

After a few hours of housework, I decided to take a break after all, as I was getting tired and didn't want to overtax the baby.

So there I sat, looking around, admiring what I had accomplished. As I was looking around, I noticed something very disturbing. As a matter of fact, it was so disturbing, that I quickly became paralyzed and frozen in fear.

There on the television set as if it were a bad dream or something of the utmost imagination, was a demon. Looking just as what people would imagine it looking like.

Red horns on its head, evil and dominant, powerful yet hypnotizing.

At the first glance of this appearing on my television set, I quickly turned it off and decided to stop cleaning for the night and go to bed and watch some television in my bedroom instead.

As I sat up in bed, I watched my favorite television shows, when out of nowhere began the most memorable night of my life that I shall never forget.

I began to hear my air conditioner turning on and off without any breaks in-between.

It continued to do this, uncharacteristically, throughout the night.

I continued to watch my shows, when all of a sudden I hear the garbage can from inside the bathroom slam with a tremendous force and continue to do so several times.

My heart was racing and fear came upon me as I turned down the volume completely and listened intently.

I then could hear footsteps dragging on my rug until it stopped at my bedroom door.

The moment of truth had finally slapped me in the face and I knew this definitely was not good.

One would think that anyone's first instinct or belief would be that an intruder had broken into my home, but I knew that everything was completely secured and that my alarm was on.

I quickly opened my bible that was on my night stand and quickly started to read it and say my prayers out loud.

Then it began, the doorknob to my bedroom door started turning back and fourth, faster and faster.

Something or someone's nails were scratching upon my door, just as if someone were to scratch their nails on a blackboard - going in an up and down motion, getting stronger by the second.

At that point I knew I had to get out of there somehow, someday for my safety and the safety of my unborn child.

I opened my bedroom window and climbed out, gripping my stomach in fear, and beginning to run as soon as I hit the ground.

As I was running to the nearest pay phone, I continued to pray for my life. As I began to call my father collect, I could not help but think that I would eventually have to go back home and face fear once again.

My father answered the phone and as I knew deep inside, he would assume that either I had fallen asleep and dreamed this horrible ordeal, or that I had imagined it.

When he arrived and we drove back, he proceeded to go in through the same bedroom window I had escaped from.

Again, as I suspected, no signs of any presence, forced or otherwise.

Since that fearful image was on my television set, strange occurrences continued until I finally gave up and left the house before my child was born, afraid that the entity would harm them.

Each time I sit back and think about it, I get a quiver of fear.

Still, nobody has been able to stay in that house very long - and this has been since 25 years ago.

I've moved far away since then, but I believe that I could still drive by and feel a presence there. The ground is truly haunted.

Until one experiences such traumatic events as I did, you may not believe, but once you do, you will.



By Kelly Williams

Staff Writer

THE SOLDIER - A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

He walked into the apartment and stood between the kitchen and living room, right there in the archway. Clear as day. I saw him first, it felt hours before anyone else noticed, even though it had only been maybe a minute or two. He stood there in his fatigues, complete with his rifle in his arms. The ghost of a Union soldier. Was I the only one who was seeing this?

I was at a friend's house a few towns over. It was kind of a run-down town, but it had some real history of being haunted. My friend had told me once about how Union soldiers had marched through the town right on a path that went parallel to her apartment building.

She had said that she could hear people walking down the hallway outside her apartment, but when she went to the door, there was never anyone there. Still, she was a believer.

If you know me, you know I have a very vivid imagination and that I am hypersensitive to the paranormal. I've seen things and I have heard things. I feel presences in many homes and buildings that I go in.

Sometimes, I just feel like I am not alone.

On this particular night, it was funny because I had been hearing people walk by all night and didn't think twice about whether they were real people or just ones that might be stuck roaming the halls. It was early in the evening, so it was possible for people to be moving around the building.

As it got later, I heard less walking, and then even less. Around midnight, I heard some noise outside the door. It was loud and more of a thumping than a walking sound. I went to the door. No one was there.

After I sat back down, we changed the subject to something else. Through all the carrying on, I got the feeling that I was being watched. I turned my head to the left and saw him, the soldier. There he was standing at attention, gun in his hands. He was looking right at me as if he were waiting for orders. He had blood on his uniform and though his face was hard to see, I noticed dirt streaked across it. The hole in his pants was just big enough that there wouldn't be a way to fix it without patching it up. His hair was short and tucked under his hat. He looked tired and lost.

I motioned to my friend to look over towards the doorway, she didn't see him. I was sure she would have because she is also sensitive to paranormal activity and of course, she was the one who mentioned the footsteps in the hall in the first place. I just sat there staring at him, staring at me. I didn't know what he wanted. Because he looked lost, I just pointed him in the direction of the door. Next thing I knew, he was gone.

That was it.

He hadn't said anything or communicated in any way. The experience was one I would never forget. I think about him often, the soldier. And to this day, I still say he was there. But I never knew why. Why had he chosen to show himself to me and not my friend? I guess I'll never underestimate the power of suggestion.



By KC Freeman

Staff Writer

THE LEGEND OF VIRGINIA DARE - REAL CASES

Virginia Dare was the first child born in the New World to English colonists, Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, on August 18, 1587 in the colony of Roanoke – also known as the Lost Colony. Today, the area is known as Dare County, North Carolina.

So what's so extraordinary (*or supernatural*) about Virginia Dare? It's not just that she was the first child born to colonist parents. It's not just that the colonists mysteriously vanished. There is so much more to the legend of Virginia Dare.

First, a quick American history lesson. The colony of Roanoke was founded in 1585 by Sir Walter Raleigh. Interestingly enough, Sir Walter never even came to Roanoke.

However, Sir Francis Drake did lead an expedition to colonize the New World. After many problems with the settlement, including not so friendly relations with the Native Americans and lack of proper supplies, Sir Francis sailed back to England in 1587 with the majority of the settlers. They left a small group behind. John White – Virginia Dare’s grandfather and the colony’s governor – led a second expedition to the colony in 1587 with a new group of 115 colonists. When they reached the settlement, they found only a skeleton.

The second settlement of Roanoke did not fare any better than the first, and Governor White sailed back to England to request assistance. He left behind the 115 colonists and his new granddaughter, Virginia Dare. For various reasons, White was unable to return until August 18, 1590 (*his granddaughter’s birthday.*) There was no trace of the settlers. The only clues to their disappearance were the word “CROATOAN” carved into a post of the fence surrounding the village and the letters “C-R-O” carved into a nearby tree. Before White had departed to England, he had instructed the settlers to carve a Maltese cross on a tree to indicate they if they had been forced from the village. There was no cross. Seeing as Croatan was the name of a tribe off of what is now known as Hatteras Island, it was assumed the settlers moved there, but White and his expedition were unable to verify this theory. No other evidence was discovered to back up this hypothesis.

In fact, there have been a multitude of theories regarding the Lost Colony, but nothing has ever been uncovered to definitely answer that question. Even today the colonists’ disappearance remains a mystery.

But we’re not going to expand on all the various theories for the lost colony. No, there is no reason to believe anything supernatural happened to the settlers, even though there have been plenty of fictional accounts alluding to that very idea. However, Virginia Dare is an entirely different story whose legend deserves to be told.

Soon after the disappearance of Roanoke, stories began to circulate of a fair-haired girl – Virginia Dare – living amongst the local Croatan tribe. She grew up within the tribe to become a beautiful woman and fell in love with a warrior, Okisko. However, a jealous suitor who happened to also be a sorcerer, Chico, became enraged when Virginia refused his advances and he cursed her to be a white doe so she would forever be hunted.

Native American legend tells of “...a beautiful creature she was, of snowy whiteness exquisite form and moving as if on air; her proud head erect, her dark eyes beaming with ardor...as fleet as the wind – only a transient glance of her unearthly loveliness was ever enjoyed by the admiring beholder.”

Her beloved Okisko figured out what happened and sought help from a good sorcerer, Wenaudon. He constructed an arrow of mother-of-pearl to turn the white doe back into her human self. However, another warrior, Wanchese, heard tales of the white doe and set out to hunt and kill it. His arrowhead was made of silver given to him by Queen Elizabeth when he visited England as a guest of the earlier settlers. Both the lover and the hunter, unbeknownst to each other, tracked the white doe. Both arrows flew. Both arrows found their mark – the heart of the white doe.

The white doe transformed back into the beauty, Virginia Dare. As Okisko held her in his arms she died from Wanchese's silver arrowhead. Wanchese fled and Okisko returned with her body to the deserted Roanoke village where she was buried at its center.

However, the tragic legend does not end with her death. Up from the blood-soaked soil where Virginia died, sprang a vine of scuppernong grapes (*the state fruit of North Carolina*). It is said the white grapes were stained with Virginia's blood and thus the wine produced from these grapes is a deep red – the first introduction of red wine to the New World.

Virginia Dare will forever be remembered in the history books as the first colonist child born in the New World. But her legend transcends history into the realms of the supernatural as every time we sip red Scuppernong wine, we give tribute to a beautiful lady and her great heartbreaking love story.



By KC Freeman

Staff Writer

THE HAUNTED HALLS OF QUEENS UNIVERSITY - REAL CASES

Over the past few years I have had opportunities to visit college campuses across the southern United States as my oldest son looked for his “home” for the next four (*at least*) years. I adore the older campuses with the weathered brick buildings and towering tree-lined quads.

While my son was more interested in the sports teams and what his social life would be like, I soaked up the atmosphere and listened to tour guides regale us with the school’s history. Sometimes that included a ghost story or two. Now, being so inclined to cling to every word of a ghost tale, it got me to thinking – universities have some of the best ghost stories and those stories should be told to a much wider audience.

So...I decided to dedicate at least one article an issue to haunted universities. Let's face it – what college over two years old doesn't have some rumored paranormal activity?

Queens University was founded in 1957 in the heart of Charlotte, North Carolina. It's a small campus that you may miss driving by if you blink. But it is prestigious and a bit pricey. Initially, it was established as the Charlotte Female Institute and then changed to the Seminary for Girls from 1891-1896. The university then merged with the Presbyterian Female College. In 1912, the new college moved to its current location in the Myers Park neighborhood. After World War II, the college admitted its first male students.

Long before Queens University was founded and much earlier than its move to its current location, the land experienced events that scarred it and led to tales of Civil War ghost battles playing out in the student courtyard at the center of campus. Students have reported blood-chilling screams and sounds of gunfire out on the courtyard and at Burwell Residence Hall.

Checking into the history of the land, there were no reported battles fought at the site. However, two facts support the claim of possible Civil War ghosts haunting the campus. First, the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, fled to the area when the Confederate capital of Richmond was overtaken by the Union army. Second, the Confederate Naval Yard was moved from Portsmouth, Virginia to Charlotte in 1862. Either incident could account for the ghost soldiers.

Due to no actual reported fighting on the land, I sought to verify the claims by asking some current students, who wish to remain anonymous. Most have never been in the campus courtyard after midnight and thus had not heard any ghost battle noises. However, one enterprising young man, did venture out there after my inquiry. Although he did not see anything, he did hear muffled yells. Whether this was rebel soldiers re-enacting their grisly deaths or real people off in the distance, he refused to speculate. But he also said he would not be going out to the courtyard after midnight ever again. There have been enough reports of the phenomenon to grant it some credence so we won't rule out the possibility of Civil War ghosts in the courtyard just yet.

Some past students at Queens University have reported seeing a dark apparition of a man hanging from a tree in the courtyard. Initially, this was attributed to the Civil War era as well. New information contradicts the timing though. As most of the other ghost stories of the college, it revealed that a student hung himself. Since the school was not co-ed until after World War II, his death – and subsequent ghost – would not be connected to the war.

Aside from the "ghosts with a rebel yell", Queens is plagued with ghosts of suicide victims. The most frightening haunt being a young woman who slit her wrists in the Albright Residence Hall in the 1800s. Rumor has it that she was humiliated and distraught after her family discovered she was having an affair with another woman.

Being the time period, that behavior was more than frowned upon so the family wasn't quite understanding of the situation. The poor woman killed herself in her dorm room. There have been reports of loud knocking sounds inside the walls of that particular room and the door flies open of its own accord. It is even said that the lover's name, Julie, appears on the wall above the bed as if written in blood.

Another chilling ghost tale of Queens University residence halls involves Room 303 of Hall Brown (*also known as Overcash Hall*.) A student woke up during the night to see her roommate slumped over the desk. She tried to wake the girl only to realize her roommate was actually still in her bed. The figure at the desk sat up, looked at the girl, and promptly vanished when the resident screamed.

In the Belk Residence hall, a student was shaken awake. When she looked around the room, the desk was violently vibrating back and forth. It stopped when she got out of bed to check. About an hour later, the same shaking disturbed her sleep again. The student did what any self-respecting person would do – she made to run out the door. But this prankster ghost had other plans. The woman stared in shock as the door locked by itself. Then the face of a young girl manifested on the closet door. Three years later, another student reported seeing an apparition of a girl peeking out from the same closet door.

Wallace Residence Hall also has reports of strange things happening in a particular dorm room, including banging sounds and cold spots. However, to prevent students being scared of their room assignments, the room number has been kept secret.

It's not just the dorm rooms at Queens University that house ghosts. Students often go to practice their musical performances in the Suzanne Little Rehearsal Hall underneath Dana Auditorium. Many have reported seeing a well-dressed ghost lady pass them and then vanish.

Queens University has a long history of paranormal experiences, easily making it one of the most haunted places in North Carolina. If you visit the Queen's City of Charlotte, be sure to take a tour, especially if you have a child looking for a fabulous university and you don't mind forking out over \$32,000 a year. The student guides won't unveil all the ghostly secrets of the university, but feel free to ask any students roaming the courtyard. Just make sure those students are corporeal.



By KC Freeman

Staff Writer

THE VAMPIRE BEAST OF BLADENBORO - REAL CASES

Back in the winter of 1953-1954, the tiny town of Bladenboro, North Carolina was terrorized for approximately ten days by what later became known as “The Beast of Bladenboro.” The beast vanished suddenly, only to make a brief appearance in 2007 in areas surrounding Bladenboro, but is the creature truly gone or just excellent at the game of hide and seek?

The beast became so well-known and its existence rose from mythical status to achieve full acknowledgement of its existence as a cryptid. What is a cryptid, you ask? It is a newly discovered species once thought to be have been simply myth or rumor, but has become widely accepted as a genuine species without mainstream scientific evidence.

The Beast of Bladenboro has been officially recorded as a terrestrial cryptid according to Eberhart's classification. It is denoted as a blood-sucking feline-like predator, and is also called the "Vampire Beast." Other famous cryptids include the Yeti, Bigfoot, the Lochness Monster, and even mermaids. To be included with such notorious creatures, the Beast of Bladenboro is in good company.

So what exactly is the Beast of Bladenboro? Descriptions by the few who actually saw the creature vary, but all agree it was a large cat (*four to five feet long*) with bushy black hair that resembled a mix of a bear and a panther. Tracks discovered by hunters revealed over one inch long claws. Based on sightings and paw prints, it was estimated the beast weighed anywhere from eighty to one hundred-fifty pounds. That is one large cat!

A big cat roamed the swamplands of eastern North Carolina? Big deal, right? Well, it wasn't just the sightings of the creature that struck terror into the hearts of Bladenboro citizens. No, the beast earned its reputation the old-fashioned way – it slaughtered animals (*mostly dogs*) in a most vicious manner. The victims were found crushed, even flattened, entirely. Some had their jaws ripped off completely. Tongues were chewed out of the animals. But most frightening... the bodies were drained of blood. Hence, the moniker of the "Vampire Beast."

It all started in late December 1953. A man found his two dogs mutilated, crushed, and one missing its jaw. He wrapped the bodies in a quilt to bury the next day, but the bodies were carried off (supposedly by the beast) before daybreak. The following day, two more dead dogs were discovered with similar wounds. The next day, another dog. The following day, two more with jaws shattered and their tongues chewed out.

Finally, the police chief stepped in to investigate. An autopsy of the last two murdered dogs showed something more alarming than the bodies simply being flattened. They been completely drained of blood.

Other dead animals – goats, pigs, and rabbits – were found in the same manner. Crushed, nearly flattened. Jaws missing. Tongues and ears chewed off.

No blood remained.

There were several sightings of the beast, but only one human was attacked. On January 5, 1954 a woman went out on her front porch to check on her whimpering dogs. The feline predator was a few yards away and charged at the frightened woman, but her screams brought her husband running to her aid and the beast beat a hasty retreat into the trees.

The police chief also saw the beast attacking a dog, and then followed its tracks into the swampy woods. To his surprise, there were two sets of tracks with one set smaller than the others. Did the beast have a baby beast with it?

The next day a young boy looked out his window to see a large cat meeting earlier descriptions of the beast. What disturbed him the most was it had a cry like that of human baby.

The community finally had enough. Hunters were requested to find the creature and kill it. Over eight hundred hunters showed up in the tiny town of Bladenboro.

On January 13, 1954, hunters did succeed in killing a bobcat. Anyone who had seen the beast claimed this animal was too small, and therefore, could not be the Beast of Bladenboro. The small bobcat could not possibly have so violently crushed its victims. And what about the drained blood?

But surprisingly, the attacks stopped. Until...

Fast forward to 2007. About two and a half hours west of Bladenboro in Lexington, North Carolina, a farmer discovered sixty of his goats mutilated with their heads crushed and drained of blood. A similar incident happened in Greensboro, North Carolina (*two and a half hours from Bladenboro, but only thirty minutes from Lexington.*)

Police in both jurisdictions ruled the deaths as cougar attacks. While this is certainly a possibility, cougars do not tend to suck out all the blood from their victims.

Some suspect that the initial attacks in 1953-1954 were part of a publicity stunt for a movie coming out called, "The Big Cat." However, the movie by that name was released in 1949, before the attacks.

If you're ever in the vicinity of Bladenboro (eastern North Carolina about an hour west of Wilmington) around Halloween, drop in and enjoy the festivities at the Beast of Bladenboro BeastFest!

I checked with the Town Clerk – no new sightings of the beast, so it should be safe.

Today, the quaint town of Bladenboro, North Carolina has fully accepted its status as home to the cryptid, the Vampire Beast. They even have an annual festival in late October to honor their claim to fame.



Above: Local Luther Davis and Mayor Woodrow Fussell next to the bobcat Davis trapped, published in a local newspaper. Is this the infamous monster?



By KC Freeman

Staff Writer

THE GATEWAY TO HELL - STULL CEMETERY - REAL CASES

My biggest pet peeve with television shows and movies is when they don't follow the book or super-stretch and twist folklore, myth, or facts for so-called dramatic effect. This happens most of the time when it comes to horror movies, sci-fi, and fantasy stories, but especially anything to do with the supernatural.

This is why I was pleasantly surprised to learn something recently that put my favorite television show in even a more favorable light. Supernatural follows the adventures, or rather misadventures, of demon hunting brothers, Sam and Dean Winchester. The writers, at least on the surface – try to keep things straight.

Such was the case in Season Five, episode "Swan Song" where Sam essentially challenges Satan to an old-fashioned cage-match of the mind. As Lucifer quoted, "...a fiddle of gold against your soul cause I think I'm better than you." Satan won round one and booked his forked tongue and tail down to a little boneyard a few miles outside of Lawrence, Kansas for the ultimate championship bout with his archangel brother, Michael. The location? Stull Cemetery.

Now this didn't mean anything to me when I first saw the episode, but a few weeks ago I picked up a magazine with a list of the most haunted places in the United States. Smack in the middle of the country was a little dot marking Stull, Kansas that caught my attention. Turns out the creators of the show hadn't just picked a fictional cemetery. They chose the site for Armageddon carefully because Stull Cemetery has quite a history as the place Satan shows up to party two nights of the year – Spring Equinox and Halloween.

Kudos to the writers at Supernatural for this nugget of ingenuity! The show creator even admitted in a 2006 interview that he chose Lawrence, Kansas as the demon-hunting brothers' hometown precisely because of its proximity to Stull Cemetery.

Stull Cemetery is super-creepy and with good reason. Even if I had a loved one buried there, I don't believe I could muster up the nerve to visit their gravesite. It's THAT creepy. I'm all for haunted houses and such, but who would intentionally tread on the same ground as Satan himself?

Turns out...quite a lot.

So many show up in the tiny town of Stull that they now post police to guard the cemetery on the nights of Lucifer's supposed risings.

It was even banned to visit the graveyard after dark when in 1988 over 500 bystanders showed up hoping to see the Devil and caused a lot of property damage. Trespassing on these unhallowed grounds could now burden you with up to \$1,000 fine and sixty days in jail. No thanks!

Interestingly enough, on Halloween night 1998, permission was given to the Lawrence Journal World and the Sunflower Cable Station Channel 6 News to stake out the cemetery. However, around 11:30 pm, an unnamed representative of the cemetery requested they be removed – just thirty minutes before Satan's expected arrival.

Nothing to see here, folks!

More power to you brave people if you decide to attempt trespassing at Stull Cemetery. If you get past the security fence and see Satan partying down on the smoldering ruins of the old stone church or amongst the dilapidated tombstones, please send me pictures!

Stull Cemetery has been crowned the most evil graveyard in America. But how did a small cemetery in the middle of nowhere earn such a reputation?

Even since its creation in the 1850s by German settlers (the town went by the name of Deer Creek until 1857), the graveyard has seen a plethora of paranormal activity – ghost sightings, demon sightings, occult and satanic worship, witches, and reports of human sacrifice. No wonder folks believe Satan pops up twice a year to stretch his legs and do the “Macarena” (or maybe he prefers the “Chicken Dance.”)

The first reported incident was of a stable hand stabbing the town mayor on cemetery property, precisely in an old barn that was converted into a church in 1867. However, the story doesn’t account for the fact there has never been a mayor in Stull so that’s a bit suspect.

According to legend the church sits atop a gateway to Hell created by Satanists after the building was abandoned in 1922. Although burned by a mysterious fire (*some say by the community in an attempt to seal the door to Hell*), and the roof missing since the 1920s, the stone building was finally torn down in 2002, but the owner claims to have not authorized its demolition and no one has taken credit for it.

Ghostly tales were handed down over the years since the town’s inception, but none were documented until 1974 when the University of Kansas student newspaper, the University Daily Kansan, ruled that Stull was deemed “haunted by legends of diabolical, supernatural happenings.” The article was the first to claim Satan paid visits to the small boneyard twice a year.

As a result, over one hundred and fifty people overran the property on the Spring Equinox of 1978. The Kansas City Times published an article in 1980 that further fed the urban legend by reiterating the claim that Satan rose on Halloween every year in two places on the planet – one of those places was Stull Cemetery.

Whatever government office that assigns zip codes didn’t help matters when they inserted the cemetery into Topeka’s zip code which starts with... you guessed it... 666, even though Stull itself is 66050. Other geographic “evidence” is that the road leading up to the cemetery was named Devil’s Lane until 1905.

People have reported seeing smoke rising from the carcass of the old church. Others insisted that an old wooden cross inside the church turns upside down by itself. Most interesting, and if I could get up my courage I’d check it out, is the story that when it rains, no rain falls inside the church even though it is missing a roof.

Other reports of paranormal activity stem from an old tree rumored to have been used to hang witches back in the day. One of the witches had quite a reputation as she was proclaimed to have been Lucifer’s lover and bore him a child.

An old tombstone with the name “WITTICH” has been speculated to be the resting place of the witch-turned-lover. Personally, I feel bad for the poor woman, Anna A. Andrews Wittich (1832-1910) if she is innocent of these charges. Who wants “Satan’s Slut” as their family legacy?

The rumored child was presumed to be born deformed and died shortly afterwards. However, he is said to stalk the cemetery as a ghost with a werewolf-like appearance.

After a particular hanging of witches from the tree on the Spring Equinox (remember this is when the devil shows up for his famous bi-annual rave), a man from the town went missing and was later found hanging from the tree. Covens visited the cemetery, and the tree, for years until the tree was torn down in 1998.

The lore gets a bit stranger as years go by. In the 1980s a group of teenagers passed through the cemetery and experienced a strange wind gust. They ran back to their car only to find it not parked where they left it, but on the opposite side of the road and facing the opposite direction. Even cultural icons have contributed to Stull's story...

Now the Vatican probably will never admit it, or even acknowledge the story, but it is reported that Pope John Paul II had his airplane diverted so as to not pass over Stull Cemetery in the early 1990s on his way to an appearance in Colorado. He claimed he could not fly over unholy ground.

Don't give the Pope's story any credence? How about pop star, Ariana Grande? For whatever reason Ariana wanted to visit Stull Cemetery herself to see what it was all about. Apparently, she got the full scare-fest experience according to an article in Complex in 2013. Ariana stated that she felt overwhelmingly ill and could smell sulfur (*common odor indicating demons.*) She and her entourage immediately left, but she apologized out the car window for disturbing the peace of the spirits there.

Miss Grande claimed to have a picture with clear "textbook" demon faces, but she deleted the photo after seeing it took up exactly 666 megabytes. In addition, the computer folder she kept the photo in was aptly titled "Demons" and weird stuff happened until she rid herself of the photo. What weird stuff? Well, one night, Ariana closed her eyes to go to sleep only to be scared by a loud rumble right next to her. When she opened her eyes, the sound went away. When she closed them again, she began to see disturbing images of red shapes and the noise returned with whispered voices. After moving to the other side of her bed for better cell service to call for help, she rolled up next to a black mass. Too frightened to do anything, she closed her eyes and eventually fell asleep. When she woke, the mass was gone. Not sure I could fall asleep with a menacing black cloud sharing my bed. Some people are made of stronger stuff – or her mattress is "to die for."

So what do you believe?

Doubts abound as to Stull's diabolical history, but a common truth is that there is always an element of verity in every urban legend. There's certainly enough regarding the claim that Stull Cemetery is a gateway to and from Hell that this woman will never gather up the guts to make a visit to the old boneyard, especially not around midnight of the Spring Equinox or Halloween. But if you do, please look me up afterwards. I'd love to hear your tale.



Ri
Ra

By KC Freeman

Staff Writer

RI RA'S - GHOSTS FAR FROM IRELAND - REAL CASES

Sit right down and order up a pint of Guinness or a dram of your favorite whiskey and let's mingle with the ghosts of the most authentic Irish pub in North Carolina, possibly the continental United States, and one of the state's most haunted places – Ri Ra.

Although established just a little over two decades ago on March 14, 1997, the Ri Ra Irish pub and restaurant has already made itself well-known for its paranormal activity. How could such a new location be home to centuries-old ghosts?

Before we jump too far ahead, let's introduce the ghosts of Ri Ra. That's why we are here anyway. Well, that and the delicious Shepherd's Pie and...oh, I need a Guinness refill, barkeep!

What? You don't see the bartender? He's right there (*as I point to the end of the bar situated close to the entrance of the second floor of the pub just to the side of the dining room.*) He's a handsome and physically fit gent in his late twenties with a handlebar mustache and dark brown hair. What? You still don't see him? He's wearing a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and no collar, gray pants, and suspenders. He's right there!

Oh, wait! Never mind. That was just Ri Ra's resident ghost bartender. Perhaps he'll pour himself a dram and join us.

Yes, Ri Ra has its share of ghosts. According to the staff, they are all friendly, but some can be quite the pranksters. The night repairman remains on high alert when he comes in after he was pushed by an unseen force on the stairs one night.

There were two particularly famous ghost stories of Ri Ra I wanted to discover more information about, so I went straight to the source – Ri Ra General Manager, Jonathan Murphy (*authentic Irishman from County Clare*) and Sales and Event Manager, Michelle Smith. They were more than welcoming of my questions and more than happy to talk about Ri Ra's ghosts. I met with Michelle during the morning while the pub was mostly quiet, but I swear eyes were watching me and there was more than one moment the tiny hairs on the back of my neck stood up.

One of the most unusual stories indicating paranormal activity at the pub started with a seemingly harmless red brick. Late one night, the security system went off. The police showed up and there were no signs of breaking and entering or that anything had been disturbed except... a red brick lay in the middle of the floor of the first floor bar area. The manager was adamant that all was in place during the closing walkthrough, and there had been no brick. No one had entered or exited the facility after closing. Ever since, the mysterious red brick was kept in the manager's office. However, the brick currently is missing.

Another story that intrigued me was the chalk alphabet in the alcove above the hostess stand. Previously published stories did not do this phenomenon justice to the full story. The report was that a ghost girl draws the alphabet on the brick walls of the second floor. Actually, the chalk letters and numbers were not discovered until after a fire nearly destroyed Ri Ra in 2009. When the wall was torn away to reveal the underlying brick, they discovered the chalk markings. However, during the fire cleanup, numerous attempts were made to wash away the drawings, but they always came back. Some would "chalk" it up to someone playing a prank, but the area where the alphabet and numbers are written on the wall are high above the first floor hostess stand with no access available except by an incredibly tall ladder.

Second, with the goal to make the pub truly authentic, Ri Ra was built completely from refurbished materials from Ireland – old pubs, a monastery, barracks, and even the parquet flooring in the entrance was from the same Irish shipyard as the Titanic.

Other stories of ghostly activities have been reported by the staff at Ri Ra, although the ghosts seem to prefer to lay low when customers come in. For instance, the manager during a morning walkthrough checked the entire pub out, top to button, with no one else in the building. A little while later, someone came in to find the beer tap running. Well, if it's an Irish ghost, that's to be expected. Every good Irishman or woman needs a pint once in a while, even if it is in the early morning – it's five o'clock somewhere, after all. Or our friendly ghost bartender is just trying to do his job still. However, the current staff would appreciate it if the ghosts would stop knocking the bread baskets off the counter in the upstairs dining room.

In 2003, Ri Ra brought in a clairvoyant to investigate the pub. Her team identified several ghosts from different time periods, and possibly different continents. After the two investigations, the staff were able to corroborate her findings with tales of their own which lent credence to the reports.

So who are the friendly ghosts at Ri Ra? Most prominent is the little girl, suspected of writing on the brick walls in the alcove above the hostess stand. She's seven to ten years old with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a floor-length lace dress and Victorian button shoes.

In the basement, near the caged storage area where the door sometimes swings two inches each way by itself, there is a stout, elderly man with his golden retriever and a walking cane. He was also seen by the clairvoyant in the dining room.

Staff report the distant sound of sewing machines in the basement and occasionally a little girl's laugh.

The kitchen is still being overseen by a stocky woman in her late forties or fifties, wearing clothing from the 1900s. Her presence is felt most by the steel bakery rack. Between the kitchen and the hall, there is a male presence also in 1900s attire, thought to perhaps be the husband of the female presence in the kitchen.

There is also a male energy standing at attention at the stairway closest to the front door and at the top of the landing to the second floor dining room. He's thin and in his late twenties, wearing a pillbox hat and white gloves. Perhaps he is a bellhop from when the building was a small hotel.

There have been no further investigations of Ri Ra, but you can check it out for yourself during any ghost tour of uptown Charlotte.

So back to the question – how is a relatively new establishment in the heart of modern Charlotte, North Carolina so haunted? First, the building is the second oldest building in the city. At one time, it was a textile factory (seems like someone is still on the clock) and then a small hotel (hence, the friendly bellhop waiting to direct us to our room). It was also rumored, but there are no public documents dated back far enough to confirm, there was once a settlers' cemetery on the property.

The establishment's Irish artifacts includes an original shop bar (from Northern Ireland) with a restored Guinness mirror and some Dublin Corporation ledgers from 1800 to 1840. There is an authentic Victoria bar created from the restoration of Dublin's Phoenix Park barracks officers' mess. The bar was removed from its home in the 1920s and stayed in storage for over 70 years in Castleknock, Ireland. A mid-1800s statue of Saint Patrick now sits front and center on the Victorian bar.

Artifacts, including a large statue of Saint Patrick, from the 1700s and 1800s were brought directly from Ireland. If you've ever watched *The Haunted Collector* you may be familiar with the concept of haunted objects.

It is thought this mass accumulation of historic items contributes heavily to the paranormal experiences in the bar/restaurant. Ri Ra also proudly displays an enclosed cabinet and other artifacts that survived a fire in the bar in 2009.

Considering Ri Ra inhabits such an old building that has seen many uses over the years, and it was constructed using refurbished wood brought over from Ireland and all the antiques from the 1700s and 1800s...I'd say that's a nice compilation to kick start some paranormal activity. Wouldn't you?

I'll keep visiting Ri Ra in uptown Charlotte hunting the ghosts of Ireland's past. Please come out and join me for a pint at the bar... if you dare.



Above: The infamous haunted alcove at Ri Ra's Irish Pub. Notice the "2" and "B" that have been scrawled onto the wall above the table and chair.



By Kelly Williams

Staff Writer

THE MAN IN THE TRENCH COAT:

(PART ONE) - FICTION

Have you ever felt as though you were being watched? Have you turned to look, only to find no one there? It's quite common to have those feelings. Most people will shrug them off. But I can't do that. Not since I actually came across someone who was watching me. I simply call him the Man in the Trench coat.

He used to watch me when I was younger, during my teenage years while I was of course, still living in my mother's house. The feeling of being watched started when I was about 15-years-old. I was doing the dishes in the kitchen. There was a window above the sink that looked out to the front yard.

You could see the mailbox and the lamppost at the end of the driveway. That's where he would stand. It was always at night and almost always when it was raining. I suppose that's why he had a trench coat on.

So, there I was, washing a plate or, something, and I got this feeling like someone was watching me. I couldn't tell from where at first, so I looked behind me thinking that my little brother might be standing there creepily. But he wasn't. Neither was anyone else. I went back to what I was doing and just gave up the feeling.

I didn't get that feeling again until a few weeks later. This time, even though I was deathly afraid to, I looked out into the darkness. I didn't see anything until the headlights of a car started coming down the road. There he was, the Man. I only saw a faint outline of him that first time. But I could tell he was wearing the coat and wide brimmed rain hat that reminded me of the one the that Paddington Bear wore. Though I didn't think it was yellow and cheerful. He had his head down as if he were looking at the ground.

I jumped back and ran to the living room where the switch for the lamppost light was. I flicked it on. Nothing or no one there.

I told my mother about it and she said I was obviously crazy and asked if I was on drugs, as a good mother would. I wasn't, but that wasn't the point I had told her. I saw a man and then he disappeared. That was the story and I was sticking to it. It was a while until I could manage to do the dishes at night again.

I didn't see him for some time after that. I don't know if it was because he had been spotted, or maybe because he knew he scared me. I didn't think it was the latter because I didn't get a very good vibe from him. Not that he was menacing exactly, but I didn't get the feeling he was friendly either.

The next time I saw him, was about a year later when I was 16. Again, I was doing dishes. And again, he was at the mailbox. But this time was different. This time, he raised his head to look straight at me. I didn't make eye contact, because I couldn't. He didn't have eyes. In fact, he didn't have a face from what I could see. Only a dark hole under that hat. I looked at him for what felt like forever, but must have only been a few seconds because my mom walked in and asked what I was doing. I shuddered and walked out of the room. Who was this guy? What did he want with me?



By Grayson Beane

Staff Writer

GHOSTS AND FAITH: WHERE DO THEY FIT IN? - THOUGHTS

Growing up in a christian household but also a haunted house, I was plagued by one question in particular my entire life. Where do ghosts and spirits fit into the Christian faith? If taken at face value, the only ghost that exists in the Christian ideology is the Holy Ghost, but from my own personal accounts and experiences I knew that other ghosts existed.

Recently I have delved deeper into the idea of what ghosts are in the context of the Faith and still I am plagued with the same question, but in a different way. Are the spirits of the damned who were never meant to go to heaven? Too bad for heaven, but not deserving of eternal damnation. Are they people who simply got lost on their way?

Is this some form of purgatory/hell for them? I believe that it is a mixture of the last two.

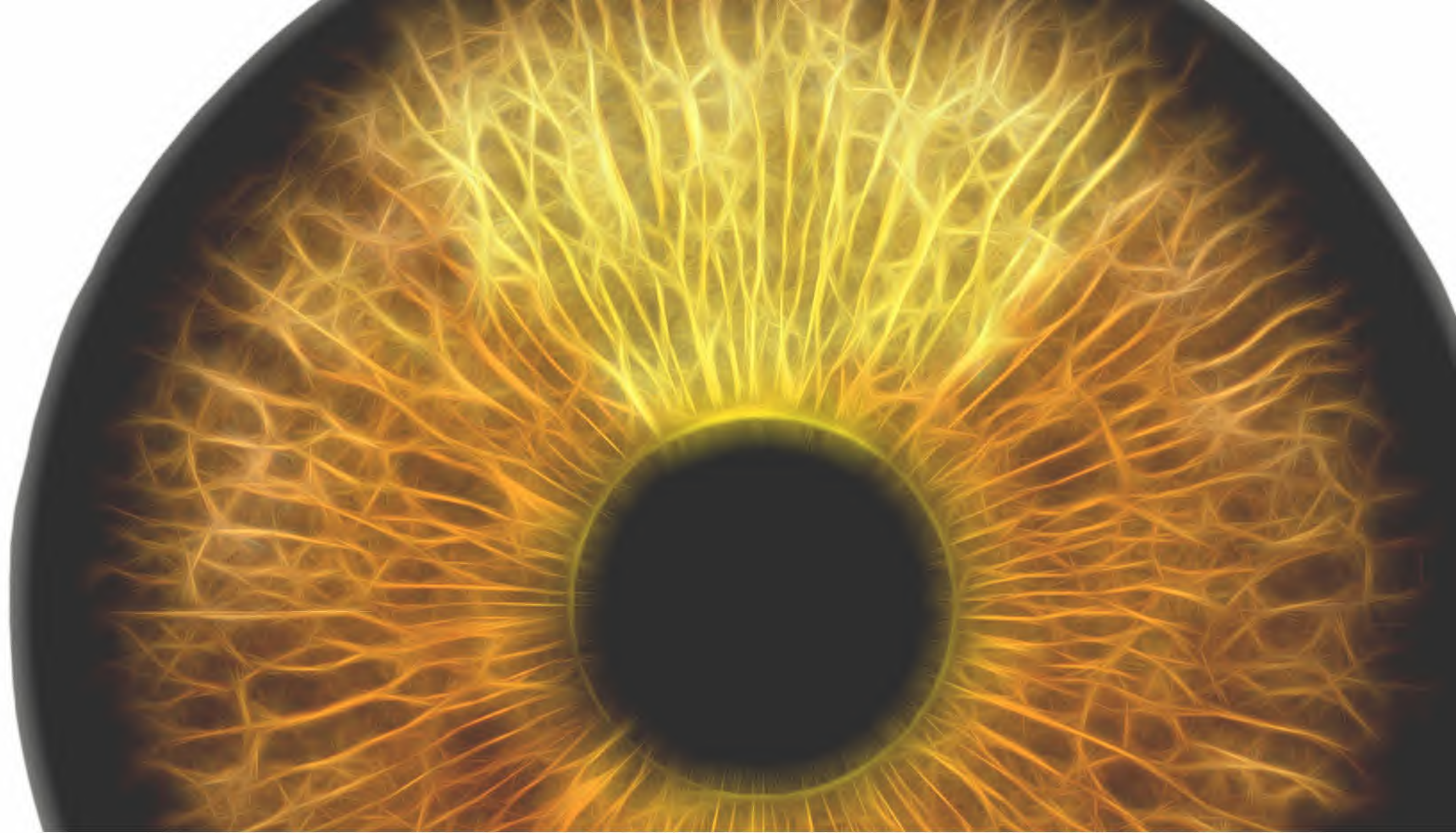
Thinking about the most haunted places in the world there are: mental asylums, prisons, and execution grounds. These are places where evil spirits roam, taking out vengeance on the people who willingly decide to go there. I believe these are those who were treated horribly and were hoping for heaven, but when the time came were lost and went back to where they came from. Understandably this would make them an angry spirit and now being dead, they do not have the ability to cope with these emotions and now Earth, what was already Hell for them, is now where they are for eternity, lost in their form of Hell.

Then, look at spirits like the one I grew up with and the ones that don't get any shows made about them.

Mischievous spirits who cause no real harm, but inconvenience those who happen to be in the same space as them. These are spirits who are not angry that they are still on Earth but more bored that they are still waiting to go anywhere. These could be the spirits of children who were taken away from the world before they decided who they were or people who got lost on their way and decided to have a sense of humor about the whole ordeal. The world changes around them but they are stuck in a form of purgatory that keeps them in the same state they were when death found them.

Rather than acting out of anger they try to pass the time by having fun even if we as humans are scared of their fun.

Looking at all of the evidence I believe that when a spirit is still on this plane they have gotten lost from where they were supposed to go and their perceptions are what differ. Some see this plane as a boring purgatory and others see it as their own personal Hell. Trapped in the same place they could never escape in life.



By Grayson Beane

Staff Writer

EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION

- REAL CASES

The brunt of many a joke in the late 90's and early 00's, Extra Sensory Perception(ESP) was seen as something outlandish and that could never happen. Since then more and more research has come out proving that ESP exists and works in many different ways.

One woman was interviewed and recalled that months before the 9/11 attacks she has a dream that she was in the rubble of a destroyed building and she was wearing military fatigues and looking for survivors. Awaking from the nightmare she did not think much of it until the Twin Towers came down.

She put two and two together and realized that this was the catastrophe she had seen in her dream and she quickly went out to volunteer and help look for survivors.

Dreams and predictions and are just two ways that ESP can show. Another less exciting way is when a song is stuck in your head and when you turn the radio on that song is playing. We are perceiving extra things around us and interacting with them. Everyone wants to read about exciting news and exciting paranormal things that we can all do.

Other mystics also predicted 9/11. The event was so large that it sent waves out across time to those that could truly tap into their abilities and find the moment the world would change. Like most they were laughed at, but their predictions became a reality and then their predictions were taken as true. Unfortunately, it was too late for the people who lost their lives in the tragic terrorist attack.

ESP is nothing to laugh at, since when looked at it is very easy to see that it is real.

While personally I am not positive that it is 100 percent accurate 100 percent of the time, I do argue that the percentage of times those with ESP being correct is well over the percentage of times they are wrong.

Predictions are a tricky business and have been since before we really understood what was going on. Drugs can enhance the effects of ESP when used correctly. Evidence of this can be seen with the American Indians.

Spirit journeys play with the idea of ESP but using outside forces to enhance the ability. Nostradamus is probably the most famous person with ESP, many of his predictions have come true, but when looked at during his lifespan he was seen as a crazy person because his predictions were so far out from his period that they seemed a farce. His work with his ESP is something that those with ESP should look at and be wary.

By looking that far into the future there is a risk of losing yourself in the process and falling into an abyss in your mind.



By Grayson Beane

Staff Writer

GROWING UP IN A HAUNTED HOUSE - A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Everyone grows up, there is really no escaping that fact, and most people grow up in a house. Not everyone gets to grow up in a house that also has a mischievous poltergeist. I have left the house that I grew up in, but the poltergeist remains - I have been told by my parents that it is very active to this day. When I was in the house I had several experiences with the spirit as a child, and even had a few as an adult.

Most of the experiences were pretty small, amounting to something small going missing and then turning up years later under the couch with not a speck of dust on it. This is how we knew that the spirit wasn't malevolent but more a mischievous. There were two experiences that I had that now, as I remember them, realize the spirit was either trying to interact with me or to blatantly scare me.

The first scary experience I had with this spirit was when I was a very young child. My father coached football for the high school - we were in the district of and was off at a game that night. I had trouble sleeping that night and had gone into my parents room to feel more secure and to fall asleep. The light was on in the living room and the door to my parent's room was open, lighting the room with a soft warm light that, as a child, I found very relaxing. I remember that my father had worn his russet brown cowboy boots the day before and they were still in the living room. Even in my mother's room I couldn't sleep and looked out to the hallway when I saw something I will always remember.

My father's cowboy boots walked down the hallway and into view of the door and when I saw them sitting there the boots didn't turn around, but just decided to walk backwards back down the hall to where, I assume, they had been sitting when the poltergeist decided to pick them up and walk them up the hall.

The second experience came when I was in the beginning years of middle school, so about sixth grade or early seventh. My friend and I were in my room for a sleepover and staying up way too late. We were doing dumb 12 year old boy stuff well after midnight when all of a sudden a small TIE fighter I had on top of my old TV, about three inches from the lip of the TV, is lifted in the air - we both look up just in time to see it hovering past the TV and watch it drop down to the ground.

Terrified we jumped into our beds and covered ourselves to hide from what had just happened. The next morning when we got we saw that the toy was still on the ground where it had fallen.

After those experiences with the spirit they became more and more tame. I have never seen anything, unlike my parents, but I have heard plenty. I came home to an empty house and could hear voices one day - not loud enough to make out what they were saying but enough that I could absolutely hear something. I immediately thought that a TV had been left on in a rush for my mother to get out of the house and searched to find the source of the sound. No matter where I went in the house I couldn't seem to get closer to the source of the voices. I checked my room, the living room, and my parent's room to no avail. It took me about another minute to realize what was going on and when I did I promptly left the house and somewhere else. I did not want to deal with whatever was going to come after the voices.

Those are my larger experiences with the spirit that inhabits the house that I grew up in. I have more small experiences but they amount to not much in the ways of haunting. Things going missing and pulling on the door when I am in the bathroom do not compare to the other experiences that I had while growing up in that house.



By Grayson Beane

Staff Writer

MORTIMER, NORTH CAROLINA

- REAL CASES

Mortimer, North Carolina: A picturesque place where the family can go camping, see a Civil War reenactment, learn about logging towns, and be haunted by the spirits that linger there. The area is more known for camping and family fun, but was once a very prosperous logging town that many in NC flocked to in its heyday.

The town was not without its problems. There were murders and strange, unexplained deaths happening all through the town and most happened at the river known as Wilson's Creek.

The most notable story from the days of Mortimer is one of two girls. They were sisters and one was much older than the other. She was in love with a handsome man who worked in Mortimer and had a date planned with him but before she could go with him, she needed to do laundry. They went together to a swirling pool that would work as the washing machine. It makes its own bubbles like there is constantly soap in it.

The older sister stepped in the pool and began to wash the dress she planned on wearing, when tragedy struck. The pool was deeper than she thought and the swirl pulled her in as she lost her footing. She began to drown in the water while her younger sister was on the shore. With not a moment to lose, the younger sister jumped in after her to try and help, but to no avail. The two young women drowned in that black pool together.

The older sister never made it to her date and when the young man heard what happened he went to the pool to find them, but was unable. He searched for hours, but to no avail he only saw the bubbles in the water that looked like the laundry soap still churning in the black, swirling pool.

Go to the pool at night and there will be the voices of the two sisters who drowned there and maybe if luck is there, a glimpse of the two women can be seen just before they both fall into the black pool and are pulled under again.

The area has no shortage of stories like this one. It was a hub for criminals for a while and the town of Mortimer was destroyed in a terrible flood that claimed the lives of most of the residents. Taking a trip to the visitor center will shine light on all of the haunted areas of the former town and talking to the locals will bring out more stories that the workers don't even know.



By Grayson Beane

Staff Writer

ARE ALL GHOSTS ANGRY?

- THOUGHTS

When you are told ghost stories they all focus on the angry and evil ghosts. The ones that will scare you maliciously and try to get people out of their area. I believe that not all ghosts are angry, malicious, or evil. The ones that aren't just don't get any attention brought to them.

Some ghosts are borderline helpful in their actions and others, while not angry, are more mischievous and hide things or mess with the people that are in the area that they haunt.

Many spirits that get trapped on this plane of existence have been through terrible treatment in their mortal lives and begged for the release of death so they could escape the torture that was their day to day.

Looking at the most haunted places in the world they are mostly old mental asylums. These were filled with people that didn't understand what was going on with their brain and already in a form of torture brought upon by themselves. Paired with the treatment received while in the asylum, they were treated with disdain and bound in straight jackets, received shock therapy, and all kinds of other things that would drive an already unstable person over the edge. Then when these people become lost and find their undying spirit trapped in the very places where they wished for death to release them their rage is something I could only imagine. These angry spirits are trapped in places that tortured them and therefore have to lash out at the living around them who can leave the area whenever they please.

Not all spirits are this way, some are just lost and not as angry about still being Earth. There are spirits that are just mischievous because they are bored they see haunting as a way to cure that boredom and less of a way to express their underlying anger. Mischievous spirits will move things and keep them hidden from the people that live in their areas. They will then after years of the object missing place them in an odd spot ready to be found with not a speck of dust on them or they will change the thermostat and turn the TV on and off. Other spirits are helpful and come to check on those that they cared for when they were alive. Mothers, Fathers, and friends coming back just to check up on everyone. They don't want to scare but want to make sure nothing bad has happened to those they care about as well as just check up on them and see them for the first time in a long time.

Angry ghosts are sensational and capture the fear of the unknown. They bring about a carnal fear that readers and viewers enjoy, it gets their heart rate up and peaks their interest into the subject. Spirits were people and, like people, they are not all inherently evil or angry.



By Kelly Williams

Staff Writer

WRONG NUMBER

- FICTION

I was so excited to have gotten a new phone, I showed everyone at work. Because I had moved to a new state, I decided to get a new phone number. I thought that since I was new in town, I should give my number out to as many acquaintances as possible, I wanted to make new friends as fast as I could.

One night while my roommate was out, I found myself alone with nothing to do. So, I popped in an old horror movie. Popcorn in hand, I sat on the couch, so into the movie that I barely heard my phone ring. It was a number I didn't recognize so I figured it was a new contact. I answered and the voice on the other end, heavy and breathy, asked, "Is Mary there?"

"No," I replied and the caller hung up. That was weird, I told myself. I chalked it up to the fact that it was a new number and that Mary had to have had it before me. I went back to watching my movie, it was getting scary and I was really into it. My phone rang again, another number I didn't recognize.

"Is Mary there?" the caller asked in the same breathy voice. This time, I thought it was getting a little weird. But again, I went back to my movie and just let it go. Once the movie ended, I decided to check my email and went to my room. I sat down at my desk and opened up my laptop. I didn't have any emails so I started shopping on my favorite auction site while I talked to some friends through online messaging. I got a message from Watcher407.

"Is Mary there?"

What was going on? This was starting to get creepy. I shut my laptop and jumped back from it. I was getting a little weirded out now. I didn't know what to do. Was this someone playing a prank on me? That had to be what it was. There was a guy from work that liked to joke around with me, it had to be him.

I decided to look up the phone numbers that were calling. They were from everywhere; Ohio, Wisconsin, Kansas. I thought about calling the police, but what would they do. It was definitely a prank. It was late and I was tired so I went to bed. My phone rang again at 3 o'clock in the morning, "Is Mary there?"

This time I answered and said, "Yes she is, let me get her."

"No, she's not," the voice replied. I hung up and slammed my phone down, just as my roommate came in the door. I told her what had been happening.

"They asked for Mary? Every time?" my roommate asked.

"Yes, every time. I thought it was a prank, but now I'm getting concerned," I said.

"Mary? Mary was my old roommate, she died in an accident with her boyfriend about a year ago."

"This is really creepy," I replied. "I'm going to go back to bed." It wasn't long before my phone rang again. Again, the voice asked for Mary. And again, I replied that she wasn't here and that she doesn't have this phone number. I turned my phone off, surely, I can't get any calls while it's not on. I couldn't sleep, I was wide awake now. Someone was harassing me and I didn't care for it very much. This prank has gotten out of hand. I started to doze off when I heard a knock on my bedroom door. I figured it was my roommate, she liked to talk about the guys she met while she was out, so I answered, "I'm trying to sleep and it's late, I'll talk to you in the morning." I rolled over.

"Is Mary there?" I heard the voice say from the other side of my door. I sat straight up and screamed.

I ran to the door and put my weight against it. More knocking. Now I was starting to fear for my life. This wasn't funny anymore.

"Is Mary there?" the voice asked again as the door knob started to jiggle.

"There's no Mary here, please go away!" I shouted. But it didn't help. The door started to open, I couldn't hold it shut for much longer. This was it, I was going to come face to face with whoever was harassing me all night. I pushed back against the door with all I had, when all of a sudden, the pushing from the other side stopped. I froze, back against the door. Was he gone? Did he give up?

It was quiet and stayed that way for a while. I decided to open the door and try and find my roommate, I had to let her know what was going on and find out if she heard anything. I ran to her room but she wasn't there. The bathroom, she had to be in there. The light was on but there was no noise. I knocked, but no answer. I pushed the door open and found her laying on the floor in a pool of blood. He had gotten to her and must have wanted to finish the job by coming for me.

I ran outside and got in my car, I would call the police on the way to the station. As I was driving down the road, my phone rang. I didn't want to answer, but I did anyway, "Is Mary there?"

"NO! Please stop calling me. Leave me alone!" I shouted. I threw my phone on the floor of the passenger side. I adjusted my mirror as someone drove up behind me. They got closer and closer until they ran into the back of my car. I swerved and ran off the road. I must have hit my head because I felt dizzy and disoriented.

I tried to move, but my leg was stuck. I reached for my phone so I could call for help. Instead, it rang and without thinking, I answered it. "Is Mary there?" I started crying.

"No. No. NO! Please stop this..." I mumbled some other words before I passed out. When I came to, I was in the hospital with a doctor staring down at me. "Where am I?" I asked.

"You're at Shepherd Memorial Hospital. Do you remember anything?" the doctor asked me.

"Not really. I mean I remember being harassed by someone and crashing my car, but that's about it."

"You're very lucky. A nice young man brought you in, he's waiting to see you. I'll send him in. You should be very thankful, he's an EMT."

I laid there in the hospital bed. Noises everywhere. Beeping, beeping, yelling, crying. I was tired and all I wanted to do was sleep. The curtain opened and in came the man who saved me.

"Hello....Mary."



By Kim Renner

Staff Writer

SIGHTING OF THE UNBORN CHILD - A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Throughout my childhood, I would frequently have very strange dreams. When I say dreams, I mean seeing and talking to people in what would normally be a dream, right there in my bedroom.

Whichever thing or person I was dreaming about, I would even go as far as to sit up in bed because I thought I was in a completely different situation than in my room and in my bed asleep.

I suppose the closest thing I could equate it to would be sleep-walking, although I probably only ever got up and walked around once.

As a young kid, I would see black widow spiders slowly drift down from the ceiling on their webs and land on my shoulder or arm. I'd panic and cry, asking my parents to get it off of me, only for them to assure me there was nothing there.

I would be so confused, convinced that it had wandered somewhere and that we needed to find it! As I got older though, I started to realize the things I was seeing weren't real, that the dreams had simply 'spilled out' into reality.

One day, I was taking a nap after getting home from high school. I was having spilled dreams a lot around that time, sitting up in bed multiple times a night.

During this nap, no one had begun talking to me as they usually did. There wasn't conversation from a dream—I simply opened my eyes because I'd felt some kind of presence, and I saw a little boy.

He was sitting right there on my nightstand, swinging his legs. He looked more like an astral projection than a human being. It was almost like he was glowing.

He had a particular haircut, bangs draped gently on his forehead as far as his eyebrows. He had light brown hair, long eyelashes, and a pretty face. I remember that he gave off such an innocent, gentle aura.

As he ran off towards the other side of my room and then disappeared into thin air, my eyes filled with tears of joy, and I wasn't even sure why.

At the time, I had no idea what it meant. It was different than the spilled dreams I'd been having, but they were the closest things with which I could compare it. Based on how I'd felt in that moment, I speculated whether this could've been some kind of vision of my own future child. Of course, my superstitious friends warned that this was some kind of form of the devil and that I should be afraid.

I didn't feel that way, though. I knew there was no way it was anything negative. About four years later, my sister's first child was born. Being the first of my siblings to have a baby, it was a very emotional experience for the whole family.

Now, four years from his birth, (and upon recollecting this encounter) I'm just now seeing that my nephew looks exactly like the child I saw eight years ago. His image is branded into my mind—I'd never quite forgotten him.

What does this mean? Was it some visitation from his spirit just awaiting to be born into the physical world? If spirits can linger after death, then why not before life? Was it an aunt's intuition bordering on a psychic vision? I honestly don't think I have any kind of special ability; I have no idea what it all meant, but I can certainly say that I feel about him exactly how I felt that day so long ago.



By Kim Renner

Staff Writer

5 WAYS TO DISSIPATE A SPIRIT HARMFUL FROM YOUR HOME

- **HELPFUL INFORMATION**

If you've ever suffered the presence of negative energy in your home, there's a possibility it could stem from a lingering harmful spirit. What should you do in this situation?

Well, let's first make sure that this is indeed the applicable scenario to your troubles. How do you know when your house is actually 'haunted'?

One sign to take into account is when your belongings start going missing. Maybe they disappear and then reappear somewhere else, randomly.

Temperature drops are another sign you could be dealing with a ghost. It'll be noticeably and drastically different in one part of the room than another.

Appliances acting up strangely and with no rational explanation is yet a third hint you've got a lingering presence afoot. Fairly new lightbulbs could go out, various devices turning on by themselves, etc.

Strange behavior with your pets is a pretty common clue pointing toward a haunting as well. Note whether they've been hissing or barking at a specific spot, staring at something you can't see, or anything else not lining up.

A feeling of being watched/followed and unidentifiable noises in your home are also textbook red flags here!

The most troubling sign of them all is the effect harmful spirits can have on you. Your mood may feel low and depressed, and you likely have no real reason you can tie to it. When your ghost's attempted interaction with you is getting this out of hand, you have to take back control. You don't want this affecting your own wellbeing, after all. So—what to do? Our first tip on dissipating a harmful spirit from your home is...
drumroll move OUT!

Okay, we're just kidding...kind of. We'll start with the more conventional options first, like grown-up adults who totally aren't afraid of ghosts.

The real first step is to try 'smudging,' meaning to burn sage. You can also try hanging clearing crystals, which is supposedly less aggressive than smudging can come across.

These are actions that should purify the environment and clear the negative energy from your space.

If this doesn't take, the next step would be to try speaking to the spirit (in broad daylight should be fine if you're wary of reaching out during The Devil's Hour). Announcing within your home that "I am cleansing myself and my house of any negative energies," and specifying that negative spirits are not welcome should suffice.

If that doesn't do the trick, try both steps above at the same time for best results. And if this still isn't enough, try sprinkling (or throwing dramatically like in the movies) holy water throughout your home. Step four: try steps one through three altogether, or in a sequence. Make sure to also meditate and do some yoga. This ensures your energy is cleansed and becomes more positive, too. If steps one through four don't work, revert to version one of step one. Abort mission! Consider moving elsewhere—hey, you tried. Change fosters growth.
#NewYearNewHouseNewYou.



By Kim Renner

Staff Writer

SLEEP PARALYSIS: BRINGING VICTIMS TO TEARS - REAL CASES

Sleep paralysis is a very scary experience that a shocking amount of people have had. "Estimates vary widely, but as many as 65% of people may suffer an episode at some point in their lives," according to thesleepdoctor.com.

My friends had always told me about this phenomenon in middle school and high school. It happened to some of them quite often. I'd never experienced it. Even in college, not once. I thought it'd never happen to me.

It sounded terrifying, but from the way my friends were by nature I always assumed they over-exaggerated their stories. They'd always been superstitious people, so I took their recounts with a grain of salt.

She was even more shaken than before. I was too; I joked that maybe she was being pursued for possession and that I wasn't having any sleepovers with her anymore. Over the years, from the same two or three friends, I would hear the occasional stories. They began claiming they were so used to the occurrences that they weren't even afraid anymore.

One night, about a year out of college, I was dealing with some extreme emotional stress. I was going through some difficult changes in life, and I was exhausted. I fought sleep for hours, but eventually I slipped into a dreamless slumber. Hours later, my consciousness was jolted forth. The first feeling I had was this intense weight on my chest.

To me, it felt as if the weight had sunk through me, filling my chest from the inside. I slowly gained awareness of what was happening to me. I was wide awake, but that strange and devious weight began to quickly spread from my chest out to my arms and down my legs.

More specifically, it happens when your brain wakes up before your body does. Hence the fear and panic of not actually being able to move yet.

The thing is, knowing that didn't make things any less scary or easier to deal with. And it simply didn't account for the intimidating shadow I had seen, and would keep seeing.

This happened to me quite a few more times, but always in times of extreme stress. Doing yoga and having a balanced body and mind has made it a long time since an occurrence now.

The sensation was paralysis. It felt like an attack. Before my brain even had a chance to truly process what was happening, and in the very instant I'd awoken, I felt somehow accosted, and terrified.

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't move my neck or head, but I could move my eyes.

They slowly and timidly searched the part of the room I could see. There, in the corner by my bedroom door, I saw a lurking shadow.

I wanted so badly to scream and cry for my mom (I was living in her house) but only muffled whimpers could escape my throat. In the moment, it felt like something horrible was going to happen to me—that that was the reason I'd been frozen. I was probably only paralyzed for about a minute before I screamed at the dark presence to "Let me go!" and "Leave me alone," plus a final cursing the thing when I desperately tried to focus on just moving one hand and arm.

When I worked at that for a few seconds, it allowed my whole body to be released. In tears, I lay awake for a few more hours. This was what my friends had been experiencing for so long.

I did some more in-depth research the next day and found all the scientific reasoning behind sleep paralysis. It made sense—it happens to some people when they're stressed out and mentally exhausted.



By Kim Renner

Staff Writer

ENERGY SO NEGATIVE THAT IT IS VISIBLE - REAL CASES

It all started one night when I'd met up with an ex-boyfriend for the first time in months. We were patching things up, trying to work it out. I came home late—it was around 3 am. In my house, you have to walk through the living room to get to the kitchen. In the living room, on a shelf beside the mantle supporting the T.V. right above the fireplace, sits the printer.

I proceeded toward the kitchen to get some water before going to bed. The whole downstairs was silent except for the quiet ticking of a decorative clock. As soon as I walked past the printer, it suddenly erupted in a startlingly loud and strange noise. The mechanical octaves rang through the air, aggressively breaking the silence.

Alarmed, I reflexively jumped back. I looked over at the printer on the ground. It wasn't printing anything. The screen was lit up, yet blank.

I tried turning it off, but hitting the button did nothing. I quickly grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and made my way back through the living room and up the stairs to my room.

I couldn't shake the feeling right afterward and all the way up the stairs that something was tailing me, looming over my shoulder. I couldn't get to my room fast enough. The next night, I got home around the same time. We'd been having to meet late since he frequently worked on film sets, and production ran very late.

I walked toward the kitchen for water again. This time, the printer stayed quiet. Once I got to the kitchen area though, I felt very strong negative energy. It was like all my instincts were telling me I was in danger. I looked around and saw nothing, but I knew I needed to hurry to my room like last time.

That night, my thoughts kept me awake. Why were things in the house suddenly so strange? Was what had happened with the printer the night before...normal? On the third night I came home a little earlier, around 2 am. At this point I was nervous to be in my house, and trying to avoid having any similar experiences.

I regretted not thinking to grab a water earlier that night. Gathering all my courage, I made my way swiftly through the living room to the kitchen. This time I turned on the light.

As I turned around to make my way toward the stairs, I stopped in my tracks. I felt frozen—the same feeling in my gut had come back, this time taking me by surprise. Suddenly, right in front of me appeared a tall, slender shape. It was like the formation of what looked like static in the air, gathering together almost all the way up to the ceiling.

I began hyperventilating. What was materializing in front of me? It all felt very intentional...aggressive. When my body felt as if it finally had thawed and I could move again, I ran upstairs. I was shaken; I slept very little that night.

The next day, I did some research. There were descriptions of similar experiences that matched mine where people claimed this 'static' in the air could mean a spirit is trying to show itself.

If that was what I was dealing with, I wanted answers on how to get rid of it. I didn't want to take a step as dramatic as burning sage yet, so I settled for simply speaking out to the supposed spirit. I told it (*in the safety of daylight, mind you*) that it wasn't welcome and to leave my family and I alone. After that third night, things calmed down. I never had an experience like that one again.

I always wondered if the re-kindling of a bad and toxic relationship had anything to do with that negative energy I was feeling in the house. It's the only thing I could pin down that was different around that time, and the timing was too exact to ignore... Needless to say, another messy breakup ensued soon after. I'm not sure how, or if these situations were linked, but it certainly would've been a very strange coincidence.



By Kim Renner

Staff Writer

THE DEVIL'S HOUR

- REAL CASES

If you're like me, you've had a few experiences waking up in the middle of the night, your sleep interrupted. You've wondered, why? What has prompted this disturbance in your sleep, and what does it mean?

Maybe this has happened to you once or twice, or maybe this is an every-night ordeal for you, like clockwork. Well, more people deal with this annoying sleep interruption than you'd guess.

According to Self.com, "For a 2010 study in Psychosomatic Research, researchers interviewed 22,740 people about their sleep habits, finding that 31.2 percent of participants reported waking up at least three nights per week."

If you're comparing your nocturnal experience to that of the stuff in horror movies, you might get a little nervous waking up around 3 am.

In movies like *Insidious*, *The Conjuring*, and *Amityville Horror*, the characters are awakened by an evil spirit or demon. This awakening each night is consistent and often signifies some gradual possession leering.

That is, if not the slow, but sudden invasion of the character's mind by spirits haunting the house convincing him or her to kill all their loved ones.

Don't worry—you're not living in a horror film! Luckily for all of us, real life is like a fairytale compared to those movies... The slot of time between about 3-4 am has long been considered 'Witching Hour' or 'The Devil's Hour'. Why?

It is said that this time of night yields the thinnest of the veil separating our world and that of the after-life, or the place where spirits reside.

Therefore, many people believe these spirits often try and communicate with us during that time. It's a time when we have "a greater ability to sense the spiritual realm," according to ask-angels.com.

They add that, "when you're less bombarded by electronic frequencies, and your surroundings are naturally quieter and more peaceful, it becomes easier to sense the subtle energies of the spirit realm!"

It makes sense then, that someone with an already heightened intuition might experience even stronger signals in the middle of the night.

'The Devil's Hour' is a term that apparently traces back to 1800's folklore. It was used to refer to the time of night when supernatural events are most common.

According to Wikipedia: "It's when witches, demons and ghost are the most powerful and the most active."

Other sources have reached even farther back, referencing the year 1535 when the Catholic Church prohibited all activity between 3-4 AM, due to fears about witchcraft.

The good news is, if you find yourself being awoken during this time of night, a spirit may simply be trying to relay a message to you. Encounters with the afterlife are rarely as sinister in real life as they are in the movies.

The bad news? This spirit may not leave you alone until you've deciphered whatever he or she is trying to communicate. R.I.P., undisturbed sleep.

You can always try telling the ghost, as silly as it may feel, that you need to be left alone—that you want to rest. Communication can often be optional on your end.

If you find this isn't the case and the awakening is consistent, your best bet is to try and be open to whatever they want you to know. Keep an open mind and receive their message.

"If you are waking up from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m. every night, it could mean that you might be going through the process of spiritual awakening," SpiritualUnite.com explains. According to Chinese medicine, different zones in our body are awake at certain times of the day based on the energy in these zones.

The spirits waking you up could actually be trying to help guide you to your higher purpose. Turns out, this could all be much more about you than the spirits after all. The recommendations in this case remain to lie on your back taking deep breaths in and out. Instead of fighting the energy, let it flow through you.

Try and see through your mind's eye. Visualize what the spirit guides are showing you. Once the message has been correctly received, you should be free to fall back asleep!

Let the thoughts and ideas come, write them down on a notepad so you can put it out of your head, and get back to those Z's.



By Melinda Williams

Staff Writer

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE LADY - REAL CASES

If you're a fan of ghost stories and what goes bump in the night you've probably heard tales of the White Lady, a mysterious woman found walking along the side of the road in many different parts of the world posing as a wandering hitchhiker waiting for unknowing drivers to pick her up.

Some people who have claimed to have seen the White Lady have developed a fear of driving along roads at night and others have supposedly died after coming into contact with her.

The White Lady is an urban myth that is popular all across the United States. Many states have their own version of the legend of the White Lady. The popular version of the White Lady is a woman who died on a tragic traffic accident and roams the roads in which she died. A version in Utah says that her husband and son died in a mining accident in a small camp in Latuda.

According to the story, the woman's infant daughter was later kidnapped and drowned causing her to lose her mind and die.⁴ A myth in Hawaii suggests that the White Lady is actually an incarnation of the goddess of fire able to ignite fire with the snap of her fingers. She is said to roam around the islands of Hawaii to test the kindness of strangers by seeing if they will pick her up. Legend says if a passersby neglects the beckoning of the White Lady, they end up in catastrophe and heartache.

One of the first accounts of the legend of the White Lady was in 1486 at the castle of Plassenburg in the state of Bavaria, Germany. Stories say that the original White Lady was a woman named Kunigunde von Orlamonde. Her husband's ancestors built the Plassenburg castle and after he died, she wanted to marry a man named Albrecht von Hohenzollern. Her suitor told her that the only thing standing in the way of eloping was, as he explained it, "the four eyes between us."¹ Some say he meant that his parents would prevent them from being married, but Orlamonde thought he meant her two young daughters. She then killed them, but her guilt was so heavy that she went to Rome to seek forgiveness from the pope. The pope said if she devoted her life to monastic work she would be forgiven.

However, the story claims she died while attempting to do so and continues to haunt the Plassenburg and other neighboring castles at night. Whichever urban legend you choose to believe of the White Lady, one key aspect of the story that is true for all of them is that there is always a woman in white seen aimlessly wandering in the dead of the night.

The White Lady is a popular phenomenon which has garnered a lot of attention from the public. People driving alongside roads have claimed to see her and have captured the White Lady's image through photographs and video footage.

There have also been many movies and television shows featuring the legend of the White Lady, such as in *JuOn the Curse* (2000), *Curva* (2004), *Lady in White* (1988), and *Supernatural* (2005).¹ Not to mention, the White Lady gin cocktail that is served by many bars across America.

You may wonder if the White Lady is real or you may disregard the legend as imagination gone wild. Regardless, watch out when on the road late at night. You never know when you might run into the lady in white.



By Kelly Williams

Staff Writer

A HAUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA

- A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

I grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania. The house I grew up in is on a quiet street, with quiet neighbors. The traffic could get a little heavy at times as our street was between two busier roads. Besides the traffic, nothing ever really happened around there. Well, except for the time that the man a few houses down got shot over a drug exchange gone bad, but that is neither here, nor there.

Every house in our neighborhood was relatively new, except the one across the street from ours. It was built in the very early 1900's and sat on a large plot of land. The house itself was surrounded by old trees that probably should have been cut down a long time ago. The rest of the land was mostly just a field. There were horses the roamed around at one point.

It was a small 2-story house made of stone and wood. The interior was definitely different than a modern home.

The doorways between rooms were lower and narrower than the ones in my house. The ceilings were lower too. My mom had explained to me that it was because people back then were, on average, shorter than they are today. I remember thinking that the house was creepy. I always thought someone was looking out the upstairs window when no one was home.

My mom took me over one day to meet the new owners. We got the tour and then the adults started talking. I wandered upstairs and found a girl around my age playing with dolls. I just happened to have mine in hand, I went everywhere with her. She turned and said hello and invited me to play. She told me her name was Megan and that she was 9-years-old.

Megan and I decided that the dolls needed to have a tea party. She had a great tea set in her room, complete with a small round table and four chairs. She got some extra dolls out and placed them around the table. I helped set up the cups and she went to fill the teapot with water, which we would pretend was tea.

When she came back, she had brought with her a plate full of little cakes. You can't have a tea party without crumpets she told me. We sat there eating cake and drinking our "tea" just laughing and having a good time. I was glad we came over today, this girl could be a really great new friend.

Before I knew it, my mom was calling for me to come down so that we could walk home. I said goodbye and told her we would play again soon.

When we got back to our house, my mom asked me what I had been doing while she was talking to the adults. I explained that I was playing dolls upstairs with my new friend. She looked confused and asked me to tell her the name of my new friend. When I told her that her name was Megan her face got a little pale, she didn't say anything when I told her about our tea party.

My mom asked me to sit down, so I did. I still had a big smile on my face from having such a great day. Then she explained to me that there was no little girl that lived in that house. She continued to tell me that the new owners didn't have any children, that it was just them living there even after I was so adamant about having met Megan. She told me that she had heard a story about a young girl who used to live in that house a long time ago whose name was Megan, but that she had died.

I didn't know what to think. I got full body chills when I realized that Megan was a ghost. I vowed to myself that I would never go back over there for as long as I lived. And I didn't. However, from time to time when I would look across the street, I could see Megan looking out her bedroom window at me, waving.



By Kelly Williams

Staff Writer

OUT OF THE WOODS

- FICTION

It was late and I was tired from running. I had been running for a while, not sure how long, but my legs were starting to feel like rubber. I was running out of breath and felt like I was going to collapse any minute now., but I had to keep going so it couldn't find me. It was getting dark and it was starting to get harder to see what was ahead of me. Keep running, I told myself.

Every house in our neighborhood was relatively new, except the one across the street from ours. It was built in the very early 1900's and sat on a large plot of land. The house itself was surrounded by old trees that probably should have been cut down a long time ago. The rest of the land was mostly just a field. There were horses the roamed around at one point.

When we arrived at the campsite, the four of us set out to make everything as perfect as we could. Shane gathered wood, Mark and I put up the tents and Jo set up the little stove and other equipment so that we could eat. Shane returned with both arms full of wood and immediately started a fire. It was getting cold and everyone was ready to sit and enjoy the evening.

As we sat around the fire telling stories, the wind seemed to pick up a bit. The trees and bushes were rustling more and more, so much so, that it seemed too much. When the wind died down, the bushes kept rustling and we could hear heavy footsteps coming closer. As females tend to do, Jo and I began to panic. She ran to her tent and zipped it up as I went to stand behind the men; surely they weren't afraid of what was in those bushes.

Mark went to check it out, slightly laughing at me and Jo for being "overdramatic." Flashlight in hand, he made it to the edge of the bushes and then he was gone, we couldn't see him. Shane started to call out for him and suddenly Mark appeared again and he looked scared. Blood was dripping from a large wound on his forehead, his shirt was ripped and missing his right sleeve, that arm badly damaged. Before he collapsed to the ground, it took all he had to yell at us to run.

I took off running with Shane close behind me. Unsure of what we were running from, Shane turned around to try and help Mark and Jo escape from whatever was coming out of those bushes. I stopped and yelled for him to come back.

I felt bad for the others, but I was only thinking of myself at this point. Shane came sprinting back screaming for me to run. Just then I saw what we were running from and adrenaline kicked in.

I saw the outline of a figure that wasn't human. It was tall, maybe eight feet. It was definitely taller than Shane who was six-foot-five. It was large all around, maybe a bit hairy. I couldn't tell too much because I was trying to save my own life. After I looked back that one time, I didn't look back again. I kept running through the woods towards where I thought our car was, but it appeared that I was going the wrong way because there wasn't a clearing in sight. As I was running, I was yelling for help just in case there was anyone else out there.

Just then, Shane let out a loud yelp. He had fallen over some tree roots and hurt his knee pretty badly. I tried to help him up, but he was too heavy. He told me to go on without him, but I didn't want to. Together we got him up and against the tree, but he couldn't put any weight on his left leg. Whatever it was that was following us had caught up and grabbed at Shane. He tried to fight it off, but it didn't seem as though he would come out victorious. He yelled for me to go and with much hesitation, I did just that. As I made it through the brush ahead, I heard Shane screaming in pain. I stopped for a second, bent over, hands on my knees. I needed to catch my breath, but my break didn't last long as I heard it coming towards me again.

I've been running for a while now, unsure of where to go or if I would make it out alive. Tearing through the woods, I heard it gaining on me. Should I climb a tree? Can it climb? I kept running until I made it to a creek. There was nowhere to go except across. As I started to wade across the creek, the running behind me stopped. I turned to look and it was there, standing on the edge of the water as if it were afraid to come in.

It appeared to have matted fur, but I couldn't see what color. It was dark which made it very hard to see. I felt a little moment of triumph as I stood in the cold water, shivering just a little as I waded across. Then I heard a little splash behind me; it was in the water and coming towards me, growling just loud enough for me to hear over the rushing sound of the creek.

Faster I moved, faster, faster. The water was slowing me down. My boots were full and weighing me down, I wasn't going to make it. I felt something scratching at my back and I tried to move out of the way, but I slipped and fell on a rock. Then it was hovering over me, its red eyes staring deep into mine. I covered my head with my arms. Before I knew what was happening, I was being yanked from the water. Flashlights probing the night sky like beacons. Gun shots fired and with a large yelp, it fell into the water.

The paramedics covered me in blankets and ushered me to their truck. I looked to my right and saw Jo. She had run in the right direction, was able to make it to the car and go and get help. She came running over to see what had happened. I told her the whole story about being followed by some giant, beast-thing. I told her Shane didn't make it and she shook her head and started to cry. I didn't have the energy to cry with her, I was way too tired. The police came over to get my statement about what had happened. I recalled as much as I could remember.

Even though shots had been fired that night at my terrorizer, I never got to see what it was and neither did the police. They couldn't find it after it hit the water. They believe it got swept down the creek in the current, they never found it. I wasn't so sure about their theory; surely something that could keep up with a seasoned runner such as myself wouldn't have given up that easily. I had run roughly five miles from our campsite, all the while with it following. The police were calling it some sort of Bigfoot; I only thought to call it a nightmare.

As I lay in bed that night tossing and turning, I couldn't help but think about being chased through the woods and having lost my friends. I'm not sure how long it took me to fall asleep, but I woke up with the fear that someone was watching me. I rolled over and there it was—the beast-thing hovering over my bed. He had something in his right hand, but it was dark and I couldn't tell what it was. I flipped on the lamp next to my bed and staring back at me with a face full of terror, was Jo's severed head. Immediately, I knew it had come to finish the job.



By Melinda Williams

Staff Writer

THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL: A HOTEL FOR DEAD CELEBRITIES

- REAL CASES

Hollywood has always been a host for famous celebrities in America, but the celebrities that have long since passed away can't seem to give up their share of the spotlight. The Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, California has been famous for supernatural phenomena and sightings of dead celebrities by both guests and employees of the hotel.

Some of the most popular sightings of celebrities are of Montgomery Clift. Bruce Campbell, a hotel security officer recalls the experience of a recent guest. Campbell explains that a woman wanted to stay in room 928, Clift's old room. However, when she tried to fall asleep she kept waking up to the sound of the coffee pot turning on and off along with the television switching channels and the light flickering on and off.

She complained to the management and they put her in a different room, but the same supernatural phenomenon continue to occur around her, prompting her to leave prematurely at 4:00 a.m. "That's when we found out that she had a Ouija board and had tried to contact Montgomery Clift," Campbell explains.

A leading paranormal physic, named Peter James, once stayed in Montgomery Clift's old room to see for himself if there truly was anything of the supernatural occurring in the hotel. He recalls how he woke up one night feeling an immense weight upon him and how he struggled to free himself. He then goes on to explain how Montgomery Clift suddenly appeared before his bed. "He stood for a few moments, walked over to the chair and 'sat' there for approximately 30 minutes. He spoke of a very tormented life...He was a gentle soul with a boyish nature," James describes.

Another famous celebrity that frequents the Roosevelt Hotel is Marilyn Monroe. Monroe was a famous model/actress back in the 1950s and 60s. However, she was overwhelmed with many issues in her life, including substance abuse and mental illness. In 1962 she died of a barbiturate overdose in her home, which some people determine as suicide, and many people still claim her spirit resides in mirrors around the hotel, especially the mirror located in her old room.

Alison Stevenson wrote an article a couple years back describing how she made contact with Marilyn Monroe at the Roosevelt Hotel over drinks and through the help of a physic medium, named A.J Barrera. Although Barrera did not know much about Monroe's past life, during their time there, he was able to hone in on Marilyn's spirit and express her feelings and emotions to Stevenson.

"I really feel like there's more of a personality disorder that comes here when she steps forward," Barrera explains, "There's cloudiness. I feel like the energy it's very sad--it's very depressing with how it comes through."

Stevenson asked Barrera several questions about Monroe and he was able to recall Monroe's answers. Barrera says that Monroe takes responsibility for her death, leading Stevenson to believe she most likely did commit suicide. Monroe also says that she doesn't care about her looks or her body. "I don't want to think about my looks. I want to come across as a normal human being," Barrera recalls her saying. Monroe was a major sex symbol during her time and everyone viewed her as just that, instead of getting to know the person underneath. Despite her career having been such a major influence on the world, she never truly felt like herself. "I was so lost. I'm so lost," Barrera could hear Marilyn say.

Next time you find yourself in Hollywood, check into the Roosevelt Hotel if you're curious. You might find the dead celebrities are a lot more interesting than the live ones.

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T.Starnes@EtherealCrack.com